Vol. V. Numb. 69

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Point of Coercion *farther argu'd againſt the* Rehearſal. *Of the Statute* 12. Car. 2. *Cap.* 30. *Of the foreign News. Of the Death of Prince* Lewis *of* Baden. *With the* Country-man's *Epitaph upon that General.*

From Saturday, November 9. to Wednesday, November 13. 1706.

Country-m. NOW, Maſter *Obſervator*, the *Rehearſal* is turn'd to his old Point of *Coercion*. Pray take him up, for, if I miſtake not, he's down; he looks like my old dun Cow in the Mire.

Obſ. He is quite jaded, *Roger*; his Journey to *Oakhampton*, after Mr. *De Foe*, has quite tir'd his Fancy: We muſt, for the future, expect nothing from him, but Bog Witticiſms, a few of *Teague O Divelly*'s Flights of Fancy. His Genius is Hag-ridden.

Says he, "I ſpeak now to the common People, "to the meaneſt of them; therefore let others "bear with me, who think this Cauſe ſufficiently prov'd already. Who are thoſe, *Roger*? Can'ſt thou tell?

Country-m. The *Jacobites* and *Papiſts*; none elſe.

Obſ. Then he goes on, "For if the common "People can be convinc'd herein, it will be the "happieſt Day that *England* has ſeen of many "Years; and the Conſequence will extend to "future Generations, for they will teach their "Children the ſame. That is as much as to ſay, They will teach their Children to be Slaves; which indeed is the natural Conſequence of the Doctrine of *Non-Coercion*, which is but a new Word for *Non-Reſiſtance*, and both of 'em do imply Slavery in the People, and Tyranny in the Prince; for if the King has a Power to coerce the People, and take away their Liberties and free Birth-Rights, and the People have no Power to coerce the King, that is, to defend their Liberties, then the King may be a Tyrant, and the People muſt be no other than Slaves.

I ſpeak of an *Engliſh* King, and the *Engliſh* Conſtitution. A King of *England* is the moſt Glorious of any, whilſt he keeps within the Boundaries of Law; and whatever King breaks through the Limitations of his Power, ſo far he advances towards Tyranny, and, as *Calvin* ſays, he does *exuere Regem*, put off the King, and put on a deteſted Title. It is a known Maxim in our old Law-Books, *Poteſtas Regis eſt Poteſtas Legis*. The Power of the King, is the Power of the Law; and the Power of the Law, is the Power of the King. The Law governs, whoever is King, and he that governs without Law, won't reign long; for the Law does coerce both King and People to do what is juſt and right, or, as our old Books ſay, *Juſtum & Honeſtum*, what is juſt and honeſt.

Now, let Mr. *Rehearſal*, if he can, perſwade the common People, the meaneſt of 'em, as he ſays, that 'tis in the Power of a King to take away their Property. How would'ſt thou take it, *Roger*, if a Company of Red-Coats ſhould come to thy Houſe, and coerce the Beef and Pudding out of thy Pot, which thou haſt provided for thy Family?

Country-m. Why, Maſter, I would take my Pitch-fork, *Joan* ſhould take the Spit, and young *Jug* ſhould take the Ladle, and we would Clapper-claw 'em to ſome Tune. Part with my Beef and Pudding! I would part with my Life firſt. I wou'dn't part with a Dumpling, or a bit of Carrot, to any Body againſt my Will; and yet, if the Tax-men come to me for Money for the Queen, rais'd by Act of Parliament, I'll fetch down my Bag out of the old Cheſt, and tumble the *Rino* out with as much Joy, as I would drink a Glaſs of *October*, and I would make 'em drink the Queen's Health with me in a Bumper. God bleſs her Majeſty, I am ſure ſhe'll never coerce her People, and they'll never coerce her. We have no need of this Diſpute in this Reign. But I ſmell a long-tail'd Rat; Mr. *Rehearſal* argues this Point, becauſe he thinks his little Maſter, the pretended Prince at St. *Germains* is coerc'd, there's the Cream of the Argument, and the Ground of the Quarrel.

Obſ. Roger, 'tis even ſo. All the Laws in *England* cannot coerce Mr. *Rehearſal* to take the Oaths to the Queen and Government: He holds his Duty, Allegiance, and Fealty, in Reſerve for ſome Body elſe. But ſee how he ſhuffles! and how unlike a Schollar he argues! He ſays, that I own, That the King, without Coercion, was our Conſtitution in the Reigns of Paſſive-Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance. I ſaid no ſuch thing, but that in thoſe Reigns, the High-flying Tantivy Clergy did tell the King, that he might coerce, and that they told the People, they could not warrantably defend themſelves; but this was far from being our Conſtitution, as I exemplify'd in the Reign of King *James*, when the King was coerc'd, and the Primogeniture and lineal Deſcent was coerc'd alſo upon the Revolution: To which Paper, he'll give me an Anſwer ſome Time or other; but rather than undergo that Drudgery, he'll ſooner take another Trip to *Oakhampton*.

He is hard put to it for Argument, and ſo is forc'd to *rehearſe* the *Rehearſal* over and over again. He has found out the Statute of 12. *Car.* 2. Cap. 30. againſt the coercive Power of the People, which no one will ſay is lawful; but when the King has firſt coerc'd them, when the wild Boar of Tyranny, arbitrary Power, ſovereign Will, and illegal Uſurpation, came to devour our Lands, and ſeize our

Free-

Freeholds, then to thy Tents, oh *England!* This was the Practice, Custom, and Usage of our Ancestors, of which our Histories are very pregnant.

But against all this, and more that I shall mention on this Head in Time to come, the *Rehearser* opposes the single Statute of *Car.* 2. A Statute in some other Reign would have better serv'd his Turn. We feel the Effects of that Reign even in this; *Europe* is not insensible of it, *France* in particular. Arbitrary Power was then intended, secret Leagues with *France* were ratify'd, a mercenary Parliament obtain'd, which would part with the People's Liberties, to secure their Pensions; and such Power had they over that King, that, as Mr. *Andrew Marvel*, a Member of that Parliament, very well observes, the King could have no Aids or Subsidies granted him by Parliament, but first he must pass some Act against the Dissenters, or destructive of the *English* Liberties.

I can easily pass over the *Rehearser*'s Reflection, That others have *help'd* me to justify the Point of Coercion: This has all along been the Suggestion of himself and his Party; sometimes the *Observator* is written by a Club of Whig Lords, and I am only the *Amanuensis*; at other times, 'tis written by the Lord knows who; but at all times, whatever is liable to Exception in it, is thrown on the Whigs and Dissenters. I have often offer'd to take my Oath, that no one Lord or Commoner did ever write, or direct the writing of any one Paragraph in the Paper; and a surer Evidence is, that had I any such Great Friends, I should not have been prosecuted more than any Man by Indictment, and in the Crown, and at my own Expence and Charge. No, Mr. *Rehearser*, I stand on my own Ground; and for all that, you'll find me an Adversary not soon run down. Speak but the Truth, and argue fairly, that's all I desire of you.

Country-m. Then shove him aside at present, and let us look over the News-Papers.

Obs. Prethee do, *Roger*, whilst I fill and light my Pipe.

Country-m. Here's the first Thing I cast my Eye upon, is ready to make me weep; Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* is dead, oh lamentable!

Obs. Dead! we must all die, Generals as well as Soldiers: But how does his Death affect either thee or me?

Country-m. Master, it does wonderfully affect me, for I was writing a Book, which I design'd to have dedicated to Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, and now it is all spoil'd, Book and Dedication too, quite lost.

Obs. That's pitty, *Roger*, what was the Title of this Book to have been?

Country-m. I intended to have call'd it, *A Martial Shove to a heavy-ars'd Soldier*, or, *The best Physick for a Gouty General.*

Obs. Oh brave *Roger!* thou hast commenc'd both Soldier and Doctor; thou art a clever Fellow.

Country-m. As any of 'em all, Master; you don't know me, I have a thousand *Cunnundrums* in my Pate, that won't come out yet. The Maggots in my Head, arn't like those in other Peoples; I have Church and State Maggots, Law and Physick Maggots, Martial and Civil Maggots, Poetical and Prose Maggots, and a power of other Maggots. Now, other Peoples Maggots crawl *Omnium getherum*, without any Order or Discipline; but not one of my Maggots durst stir before I bid'n. And now for a Tryal of Skill; I'll rouse my Poetical Maggot, and make an Extrumpore Epitaph upon Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*.

BEneath this Stone,
Lies One,
Was Prince of Baden *call'd,*
Where'er he fought
Without the Gout,
The Foe he maul'd.

When the Disease
His Legs did seize,
He cou'dn't stir;
But yet he sate,
And saw the Fate
Of grizly War.

Safe at Stolhoven,
As in an Oven,
He kept within his Lines;
A sure Retreat,
Where no Defeat
Could spoil his brave Designs.

But Martial Death
Soon stopt his Breath,
And forc'd his Barricadoes;
Then since 'tis so,
E'en let him go
Among the Renegadoes.

Obs. Prethee, *Roger*, what sort of Verse is this?

Country-m. What sort of Verse, Master? An old sort of Verse, such as we find upon our old Tomb-stones. I love old Things, old Stories, old Cheese, old *Odoba*, old Women, old every Thing. Besides, I always adapt my Verse to the Subject. These Verses sound like the Noise of unbrac'd Drums, that are beat at the Funerals of Heroes and Great Generals. I love to have my Verses rumble as they go, or limp as if they had got the Gout in their Feet. I am for uncommon, out-of-the-way Things.

Obs. But, *Roger*, methinks you are very familiar with the Character of Prince *Lewis*.

Country-m. 'Tis no Matter for that. As the Dead pay no Debts, so they can bring no Actions. 'Tis a Happiness, that when the Mouths of some are stopt, ours may be open to speak the Truth of their Deeds, otherwise the Mouth would be a perpetual Prison to the Tongue. 'Tis late, Master, and let us go to Bed fully satisfy'd, that an Army will never want a General.

Advertisements.

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